Enter the King and Queene, Prince Edward, and the Northren Earles, With Drumme and Souldiers.

Queen. Welcome my Lord, to this braue towne of *Yorke*,
Yonder's the head of that ambitious enemie
That sought to be impaled with your Crowne.
Doth not the obiect please your eie my Lord?

King. Euen as the rocks please them that feare their wracke.
Withhold reuenge deare God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue I infringde my vow.

Clif. My gratious Lord, this too much lenitie,
And harmefull pittie must be laide aside,
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes?
Not to the beast that would vsurpe his den.
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke?
Not his, that spoyles his young before his face.
Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foote vpon her backe.
The smallest Woorme will turne, being troden on:
And Doues will pecke, in rescue of their broode.
Ambitious *Yorke* did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou simpling, while he knit his angry browes.
Hee but a Duke, would haue his sonne a King,
And raise his issue like a louing sire.
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,
Didst giue consent to disinherite him;
Which argude thee a most vnnaturall father.
Vnreasonable creatures feed their young,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them euen with those same wings
Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climes vnto their nest,
Offring their owne liues, in their younges defence?
For shame my Lord, make them your president:
Were it not pittie that this goodly Boy,
Should lose his birth-right through his fathers fault?
And long hereafter say vnto his childe,

What

What my great Grandfather and Grandsire got,
My careles farher, fondly gaue away?
Looke on the Boy, and let his manly face,
Which promiseth successefull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughts,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath *Clifford* playde the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mightie force,
But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heare tell,
That things euill got, had euer bad successe;
And happie euer was it for that sonne,
Whose father for his hoording, went to hell?
I leaue my sonne my vertuous deedes behind,
And would my father had left me no more;
For all the rest is helde at such a rate,
As askes a thousand times more care to keepe,
Then may the present profite counteruaile.
Ah cosen *Yorke*, would thy best friendes did know,
How it doth grieue me, that thy head standes there.

Quee. My Lord, this harmeful pittie makes your followers faint.
You promisd knighthood to your princely sonne,
Vnsheath your sword, and straight do bub him Knight.
Kneele downe *Edward*.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,
And learne this lesson Boy, Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gratious father, by your kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the Crowne,
And in that quarrell vse it to the death.

North. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royall Commaunders, be in readinesse,
For with a band of fiftie thousand men,
Comes *Warwicke* backing of the Duke of *Yorke*;
And in the Townes whereas they passe along,
Proclaymes him King, and many flies to him:
Prepare your Battailes, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your Highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

Queen.